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THE ESTABLISHMENT :

OR

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.



THE ESTABLISHMENT:

OR,

The Church in Danger.

A SATIRE

BY

AN ARCHDEACON.



(PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR)

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY,
1870.

280 n. 39.



TO THE CONFUSION OF

SIMON MAGUS

AND OF

ARCHBISHOP LAUD

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

Pauper.—Sir, I would speir at you ane question ;

Behold some prelates of this region——

Diligence.—Hold thy tongue, man, it seems that thou wert
mangit,

Speak thou of Priests, but doubt, thou wilt be
hangit.—LYNDSAY.

THE ESTABLISHMENT.

A SATIRE, BY AN ARCH DEACON.

“The Ghost of a linen decency still haunts us.”—MILTON.

A nation of shop keepers ! write us down
‘snob,’

Since we measure all worth by the weight of
the fob :

And the goddess we worship—loose custom
allows her—

Finds a sacred recess in the leg of each
trowser :

While, as for Philosophy—think it not strange
That we quote Heracleitus, and say, “All is
Change.”

It is said that our tears do not flow fast
enough,

Since tobacco and weeds have succeeded to
snuff:

Men tell us with sighs of the faith that is gone,
And that Comte and Mill oust Matthew, Mark,
Luke, and John:

That we don't mind indulging sometimes in
soft feelings,

So long as it grows not a matter of shillings:

We can groan with the Danes, squeeze a tear for
the Poles,

Send missions to quarrel for African souls,
Condole with ‘the South,’ or join hands with a
Quaker

To bully the soldier who fought for Jamaica:

But we're utilitarian, grasping and hard;

All head,—and that rubbed with so little
pomade,

That the rough-cast of thought sinks affection in
sense,

And the Trinity shifts into Pounds, Shillings,
Pence!

Softly, sirs ! Come ! you wrong us, and strangely
forget

How we waive all the rules of our good 'Tare
and Tret,'

When we take the gross lump of a sermon we
hate

In return for the tithes, dues, fees, rents and a
rate !

We should say, were we of a blunt, practical
sort,

'This is not quite the article, sir, that we
bought !'

But somehow we stick to the Church and
Liturgy,

Go to hear Sunday service—and pray for the clergy.

Now hear the strange contrast that shows in our dealing,

As the flesh or the spirit's the object of feeling :

What time the sheep's trotters come tainted by flies

We send for the butcher, perhaps d——n his eyes ;

At least for our custom in future he'll whistle,
And curse that unfortunate, ill-savoured gristle.

The Doctor, who wide would his practice maintain,

Must swear that his simples have cured the pain ;

And to prove to a moral his patient is now ill,

He must send him some physic to tickle his
bowel.

The lawyer must eke out 'whereas' and 'where-
by,'

Even then six-and-eight pence will cost us a
sigh:

The pedagogue, too, if he would not offend
us,

Must show that his boys can distinguish the
genders:

And even the Don, for esteem in his college,
Must look wise for an hour and discourse about
knowledge.

But the Parson is privileged ever to say
The same stupid things in the same stupid
way ;

And the flock of his fold may not smile or look
stern,

As he knocks off each head of his sermon in
turn,

But as each tired church-goer sits in his
pew,

Thus their differing thoughts take a different
hue.

John Bright is at peace with the world, and is
planning

Two speeches to crush Doctors Cumming and
Manning:

Disraeli hopes Tories and mob to ally,

Like Tennyson's children, with nought but a
cry:

Gladstone sums on a fly-leaf of Brady and
Tait

The number of years since he wrote 'Church and
State;'

And Ebury's trying to shorten the prayers

By bestowing his thoughts on his mundane
affairs:

And as for the ladies — it must be con-
fessed—

the sole question to them is, ' And how was she
dressed ?'

short, though they're most of them looking
perplexed,
they're thinking of any thing else but the
text.

the sermon is over, discussed, head and
tail ;

rejoice that our Jonah has swallowed his
wail :

then we get up with rustle and shuffle and
stamp,

change looks of relief as we shake off the
cramp,

and away to our lunch, or it may be hot din-
ners ;

but a whit the less hungry because we are sin-
ners.

And here, now, if any good Christian supposes
that the talk runs on Jochabed, Amram, or
Moses,

On the depth of the Jordan or height of the
Hermon,
Or anything else that crops up in the sermon,
I fear that we cannot agree with his views
Of the interest felt in Old-Testament-Jews.
For never so sweet let the periods flow,
Yet a voice seems to ring in our hearing, 'Old clo';
And wer't not for the fear lest some Dean should
be rude,
I would hint at a text from Macaulay or
Froude:
Evangelical Tabitha ! See, she turns green,
Folds her hands on the spot where her bosom
has been,
And muttering 'Atheist !' runs to her closet,
As a good Christian should who has tears to
deposit.
For these Jews were—'tis thus we are told to
believe—
A peculiar race, though they laughed in their
sleeve ;

d their meanest exploit must be sacred
to us,

ough trite as the wheel of a two-penny
'bus.

d the acts of a Montfort, a Cromwell, a
Knox,

e unfit for the pulpits of Anglican
flocks.

en, is there no Providence now?—It ap-
pears:

at most always aids the best-drilled Gre-
nadiers:

· such is the lesson we draw from the
teaching

at texts from Macaulay make very bad
preaching.

: softly, dear Muse ; you're a shameless young
chit,

Thus to pull at a venture, nor care whom you
hit :

Come ! stoop not so low lest a bishop you
shock

By exposing what ought to be covered by
frock.

In fact, not the Parsons—poor men—are at
fault,

Though some, I dare say, are deficient in ‘salt ;’
They have sensitive hearts it were cruel to
pain :

‘Not guilty,’ my friends, ‘but don’t do it
again.’

You may read in the Telegraph, Standard, and
Times

How the world with its sneers the lean curate
begrimes,

How their sermons are vapid—and what is far
worse,

How they set you all nodding, like plumes on a
hearse :

And while you sit mute as the body inside,
You're not half so merry—for you don't get the
ride !

Thus they note the effect, but they heed not the
cause,

Or playfully touch on empirical laws :—

But not to become half-and-half philoso-
phical

(Such writing far worse than a child with a cough
I call,

When Patti has come to her mellowest
bar,

And that child coughs again, and you d——n
the mama ;)

Let us sink to the concrete, examine real life,
See what needs the plaister, and what wants the
knife.

'Tis a bright summer morning: across College
Green

Troop a band of young students, dark, fair, fat,
and lean :

All pressing to hear from a Regius Professor
Which sin is the greater, and which is the
lesser.

' They have entered the hall : they are scrambling
for places :

Now a placid expression steals over their faces,
As our Doctor the steps of his rostrum ascends,
And calls over the names, to make sure each
attends.

Now to judge by grimaces and groans of the
pupil,

You would swear on your oath he was taking a
blue pill :

No ! a title for orders he wants : and to win
it he

Must take an aperient course of divinity !

First Jones meets our eye—fat and sleepy is
Jones :

For he hasn't digested his fish and broiled
bones :

Yet he's dreaming of lunch—ox tail soup and cold
pheasant,

So in spite of the lecture Jones really looks
pleasant.

Has Jones had a call ? Well ; between you and
me,

He'll have one as soon as he takes his de-
gree :

For his father in hard-gotten luxury rolls,
And will buy his dear Johnny a cure of fat
souls.

So, although he but just knows that 'h' and 'i'
follow 'g,'

There's very small doubt he will pass in theo-
logy.

The next that we notice is handsome and
thin,

With the down on his cheek, and a tuft on his
chin :

But his mouth has been let for the term to
cigars :

And as travellers reserve corner seats in the
cars,

By leaving a coat, or a baby, or stick,

So the vacant place here is kept by a tooth-
pick.

He's a rollicking boy, breathing health and bad
puns,

Pays his bets, goes to chapel, and fleeces his
duns.

And as for the future he has no misgivings ;

For haven't the family half a score
livings ?

So Brown lets the world wag along as it
will,

And the sleek tradesman smiles as he sends in
his bill,

And the dean of his college winks at each mis-
chance,

Till you'd think that his eye had St. Vitus's
dance.

But the third is a youth of a shadier colour,
And his hands, like his collar, are larger and
duller ;

For his father and mother and sisters are bound
To go very ill-trowsered and very ill-gowned,
While Thomas is putting the Latin and Greek
on ;

Which are the small-clothes of an Anglican
deacon.

He does not aspire so high as he ought,
Looks resignedly forward to African port.
A soldier, indeed,—not as Priam or Hector—
But one who will meekly take snubs from his
rector.

Who on Sunday will vow you are lost, and a
sinner ;

But on Monday will find you and drop in to
dinner.

And to judge by his dining-out coat, you'd be
loth

To say that this good man was proud of his
cloth.

But who is the fourth, sitting moody and silent,
Like a Catholic priest when the season is nigh
Lent;

Who listens as if he were listening not,
And damns each new clause with a half-sup-
pressed 'rot ?'

Who does not know Smith ! a first-class man in
'Greats,'

And a graduate both in the Torpids and Eights!
But withal supercilious, scornful and—Ah !
Good churchmen, beware ! For he readeth the
Star !

Yet already he dreams of a mitre and crozier ;
Foolish boy ! frustrate hopes ! so he whispers
who knows you.

What do *we* want with talent, high hopes and
ambition ?

Dear sir, you're mistaken ! your line is tuition :

For our schools and our boys must have learning
and study :

No place there for dullards and brains that are
muddy :

But as for our churches, why ! God save the
mark !

The shepherd wants only a dog that can bark ;
For there's nothing to exercise fancy or rea-
soning,

When you cook up old dogmas and leave out the
seasoning.

So, Smith, I'm afraid it's the general betting
That the sun of your promise will pale in the
setting ;

And when you've worn thread-bare one clerical
vest,

That the clouds of wan-hope will roll thick in
the west.

But the lecture is over : with glee men and tutors
Fly to bury their friends' and their own heads in
pewters,

Forget all about heresy, doctrine Tractarian,
And Esau the Elder, the first mentioned Arian.
But enough of such scenes from our dear Alma
Mater :

Let us call on these students a year or two
later.

It is Sunday : the bells are all ringing for
prayers,

And the rector, good man, has just stolen down
stairs ;

But though late in his rising, he makes it his
boast

That he breakfasts on nothing but coffee and
toast,

With a dash of cold brandy the coffee to fla-
vour,

And a rasher of bacon to give toast a savour,
And, as bacon alone won't agree with him well,

he

Just eats a poached egg for the sake of his
belly.

Meanwhile his good wife has just put on her
shawl,

With a 'Robert, I'm waiting : ' he moves not at
all :

For they say when the rector sits down to his
cup

Not the strongest emetic can e'er bring him
up.

But at last he has done, and with one or two
groans

Looks up from his plate and we recognize
Jones !

Let us follow him softly, and sit near his
desk,

Marking all the strange mixture of grave and
grotesque :

And let us find out, with a purpose not sinister,
What they think who dub him—these ‘priest’ and
those ‘minister.’

For Jones has a parish both large and genteel,
Holding men quick to reason and women to
feel ;

And now they have come with a craving half
sad,

If haply solution or hint can be had,
As to why they are born ! must they do all and
fear ?

Or is there a world of love possible here ?
For the soul would fain struggle to see through
the cloud

By which the weak wings of its soarings are
bowed ;

And the mortal would offer one day out of
seven

To thoughts not of this world and yearnings for
heaven.

Now the last dying notes of the organ breathe
low,

Like the voice of the sick who is summoned
to go,

When Jones bustles in on the tips of his
toes,

And (his mouth not being empty yet) reads
through his nose.

Confession, the Litany, Collects, all fly

Like the telegraph posts when steam pressure is
high ;

And machine-like he changes from sitting to
kneeling,

With his toes on the floor and his eyes on the
ceiling :

Then pulls from his pocket a curly, black
book,

With a curious, 'Sixpence each, lithographed'
look,

And regardless of all punctuation or sense,

Advises his flock to commit no offence,
If future rewards they sincerely desire,
And really object to be scorched in a
fire !

Nothing great, nothing new, nothing lofty or
deep,
In all that vast concourse — excepting their
sleep !

And yet, it may be, in some chapel of ease
There ministers one who, if Ministers please,
Could come from the corner to which he is
thrust

Full lightly, as grandmamas hide away crust,
And quicken the people, and check their mis-
giving—

All this might be—only, who'll buy him a
living ?

Now, suppose our friend Brown has invited us
over :

We accept, and run down by the 'Chatham and
Dover.'

Find a trap at the station: 'Is that Mr.
Brown's?'

Yes: so up we get, off we go, over the
downs.

'Well! Brown, how's the parish? got any dis-
sent?'

'Do you set up a chapel? pews pay a good
rent?'

'Chapel! O yes, a beauty! Well—that is to
say,

'I had a white-chapel—but the mare ran away,

'And a stupid old muff of a dean driving by

'Got wrong side of the road with his lumber-
ing fly,

'So we both came to grief: by-the-bye, here we
are!

'That's my house—there's the stable—you see
it's not far.'

I see: but, old fellow, the church! where is
it?"

'O! we pulled it down: too near the stables:
my tit

Took right at the organ, and damaged her
hock,—

(Here emphatic, small word that good people
doth shock:)

'So we've prayers in the school-room—and as
for a font,

'Why a tub' serves the turn—for we've no
mauvaise honte.'

'Ah! quite in the primitive way, Brown, I find;

'What a hold you must have on the naive, rustic
mind!

'You may say so, my boy: why, when first I
came here

'Poaching went down with them just like small
beer:

'I soon put a stop to that. Now we have got

- ‘A respectable, tea-drinking Methodist lot.
‘Only leave them their chapel and hymns—
they’re content :
‘And while they’re raising psalm-tunes, I’m
raising the rent.
‘That’s the price for rectorial license to pray,
‘Sing, snuffle, or groan, in their own dismal
way.
‘For church or no church, chaunts or hymns,
matters not,
‘So long as there’s plenty of game to be got.’

And this is the man whom our great English
Church

Endows with a rectory ! Yes, you may search,
And find plenty more on rich glebe, east and west,
Indulging old Adam in Evening vest.

While the humble, hard-working, large-familied
curate

Has a pittance scarce equal to paying the poor
rate.

But his heart sinks within him full many a day,
As he thinks of the hopes that have long died
away ;

And the cheek of his loved one, that once was
so fair,

Is withered and blanched by the breath of de-
spair ;

And her slim, lady-fingers are crimped as she
stitches,

And fashions new seats into veteran breeches.

But our sons, seeing this, shake their heads and
decline

To work in the vineyard and taste not the vine :

Think it better to seek out a fortune afar,

Or starve, as a gentleman should, at the
Bar,

Than slave for a thankless church militant
corps,

Which endows chiefly those who were wealthy
before.

So the company—ten thousand pardons!—I
mean

The Church, in her wisdom, repels all the
lean,

And opens her welcoming arms with a chuckle
To the rich who can pay, or the poor who can
truckle ;

Then the nation wakes up and gets red in the
face,

Spends a good deal of ink on the Church's
disgrace,

To turn with a sneer from each well-to-do
saint,

And rejoin, 'O ! religion is something like
paint :

'Tis pretty to look at, is of use in bad
weather,

'And preserves my wife's morals through fear of
the "Nether :"

'But we want a fresh coat very much. All is
vanity !

As for me, and my house, we will worship
Humanity !'

Yes ! shortly inquisitive angels may see us
Offer up pious mouthings to 'Homo late Deus' :
Then shall every bishop that sits on the
bench

Lock the door of his closet and worship his
wench :

Our priests of the future, from ground floor to
attics,

Shall take off their frocks and discuss social
statics :

Ricardo shall furnish brave texts for the Church,
And all minor prophets be left in the lurch :

Our children will smile as they say, ' Brothers
Ritual,

' We admire your vests, and we hope they will fit
you all :

' Yet as Joseph's gay coat got the lad in a
hole,

' So, ye mystical spend-thrifts beware of a
stole :

' And nail up this precept on each vestry door,

' Saying, " Let him that stole, gentlemen, stole no
more."

' For'tis hard, when devotion a cold brother
lacks,

' To wax piously warm at the sight of your
backs :

' When you cover your shoulders with womanish
toys,

' If 'twere not for your trowsers, who'd know you
for boys ?

‘The Fathers, God bless them, St. Cyril, Augustine,

‘And all with whose presence our calendar’s
bustin’—

‘The monks that used freely to quaff the brown
ales,

‘Walk out in a cossack and show their toe
nails,—

‘Antiquarian studies! away with your Gregory!

‘Our foes are not schoolmen, but ignorance, beggary.

‘Gregory once spake out—nobody louder:

‘But his influence now is confined to a powder.

‘And as for his music (permit me!) such hymns
I call

‘Puzzling to amateurs, spasmodic, whimsical.”

Shift the scenes: our friend Smith, whom we
knew as ambitious,

With a talent for thinking, and all that is
vicious,

Hath asked us to visit the factory curacy,
Himself, wife, and numberless brats with the
pleurisy.

—Can this be our college friend ! pale, disap-
pointed,

How mouldy he looks ! but he's 'Heaven's
Anointed,'

The bishop's, at all events : See ! there he
comes

With flying of coat-tails and rattling of gums.

Arm and arm, as we both walk down the
street,

Smiles and kind greetings from all that we
meet,

Then the wife, wifely, provides from her store,
Spreads the scant portion, as if there were
more,

Wears such a winning smile on her pale face,

Echoes so warmly the thanksgiving grace,
O ! none could imagine how cruel her lot,
To starve and be thankful, to freeze and feel
hot !

Suffering martyr ! they say 'tis for God
Thou starvest, 'Kneel, sister, rejoice ! kiss the
rod !'

They lie ! 'Tis that over-fed rectors may
dine,

'Tis that deans may be excellent judges of
wine,

That canons may run up to town in the season,
And orthodox churchmen be paid to talk
treason :

'Tis for this that thou pinest in want and
distress ;

Not God's goodness thou servest, but man's
wickedness ?

Pull your chair to the fire : it seems like old
times,

When we sat, you and I, Smith, till Magdalen
chimes

Rang the silvery warning of midnight abroad ;
And still we discussed, while fat graduates
snored.

You talked then of winning a name in the
Church

By elegance, earnestness, talent, research :

I listened, and shared in your generous hopes,
Stringing honour to honour—frail ladder of
ropes.

And where are they now ? Echo answers me,
‘ Where ? ’

Summed up in a hundred and ten pounds a
year !

Yes ! Brown has a living : yet who could be
thicker ?

And sensual Jones is a satisfied vicar.

Their several parishes take what is given,

Nor care much who shews them the pathway to
Heaven.

Evangelical, Puseyite, just as it comes,
Gets permission to swallow the clerical plums :
Congregations may pout with indignant gri-
mace

When unpopular doctrines are preached in their
face ;

But the Patron, good man, with a stroke of his
pen,

Will appoint them an Anglican monk or a
Venn.

Is it well that we suffer these doctrines or
those

To be changed, off and on, pretty much like our
clothes ?

How our anger would rise if some tall bully swore
We must deal with our usual butcher no more :
He had lately established a journeyman Jew,

Whose meat for the future alone we must
chew ;

No change, no cessation of chops, no relief ;
And we who were always so partial to beef
Fat shades of our Fathers ! the thing is absurd :

Choice of meat we must have—let who will
preach the Word.

To this have we come by soul-selling o'ermuch :
For the corpse, private patronage, chills by its
touch,

Chills the ardour of curates who, work as they
may,

Must look for less earthly a guerdon than
pay ;

—Chills the souls of the people who, think as
they will,

Hate the Priest as they can, must endure him
still.

Thus we elbow the way for a sceptical rout,

While at top and at bottom the candle burns
out.

But softly, we tread upon dangerous ground :
Hear the practical friend : for he always turns
round,
Looks you full in the face when you've aught to
propose,
And resting his thumb on the tip of his nose,
' Mere ideas ! sir,' he cries, turning red in the
face ;
' For such radical jobs this is no time nor
place :
' What ! disturb private property ! dreams of a
German !
' Let us sleep, as our fathers did, under the
sermon.

‘Who dares to speak ill of the lay improprator ?

‘What ho ! Help the Church ! this villain would fly at her !’

Unpractical ? pardon, good friend, look around :
How many the facts you once theories found !
You damned the Reform Bill—that bill is now
Law :

The Irish Establishment—dead at the core—
You’d have cured by presenting the Pope with a
fee :

Thus easing one blister by clapping on three.
You deride Women’s Rights : sneer at John
Stuart Mill :

While Europe laughs loud at your obstinate
will :

But philosophers know that with patience and
tact

The ideas of to-day will to-morrow be fact.

Unpractical ! Bah ! 'tis a coward's pretence :
And a fool takes his stand upon common non-
sense.

Come ! let us imagine how science would thrive,
If instead of competing to keep us alive,
Our Doctors were paid by their Patrons each
year ;
(Heaven help the poor patients when physic was
dear ;)

The city Physician—up early, up late—
Averting, arresting the finger of fate,
Has his annual fee of a hundred good pounds,
Though his patients frequent the best burial
grounds :

' His reward is in Heaven : ' but one who's not
worth

Half his price, has his ampler reward upon
earth,

Where 'tis much more accessible ! Thus talent
grumbles,

And shuns a profession where equity stumbles.
Another anomaly strikes on our eye,
You would like to call in, when you fear you may
 die,
Your favourite doctor—no ! take whom you
 can :
For the Patron finds physic and medical man.
'Tis a monstrous abuse : but we've borne it so
 long,
That custom has staled the injurious wrong.
Yet good men have averred, with the Westminster Dean,
That we do not perceive what Establishments
 mean :
That if our fair Church were not linked with the
 State,
High Churchmen and Low would flock down to
 the gate,
Each barring out other, till numbers prevail,
Thrusting all the minorities outside the pale ;

So narrower grown, with intolerant cries

'Twould laud its small fragment of truth to the
skies,

• **Crying,** 'Fall down and worship ! Hey, sirs, in
good sooth,

'Behold the sole agents of genuine truth.'

I grant you, if clergy apart from the State,
Should in council, or congress, or synod de-
bate,

'Twould go hard, but they damn his schismatical
fudge,

Who should dare of the Scriptures to make
himself judge.

So far have we run from old Protestant
ground,

That a man's private judgment is heresy found:
As well have the gout or delirium tremens,
As a creed that conflicts with St. Jerome or
Clemens.

A council of clergy, not leavened by laymen,

Would damn High or Low Church with prayer-
book and Amen :

So fierce is their zeal for the truth as **they**
know it,

They would gag bold Machonochie, famish Ben
Jowett,

Consecrate seven bishops to silence Colenso,
Who flutters our women and puzzles our
men so.

But give us of laymen fair representation,
And your Church of the State grows the Church
of the Nation !

State Church ! we're so used to the name on the
tongue

That the meaning strikes flat, like a harp loosely
strung :

Yet 'tis based on a theory, stubborn and fast,
'Think not of the morrow, but look to the Past.'
Think not of the morrow! fold hands and say
prayers,

Leave Heaven to manage your worldly affairs !
Are ye starving? toil not! see, the sparrows are
fed !

Lo ! the lilies how white, and the roses how red !
You would look to the future, and dimly descry
A vision of progress beyond ?—all my eye !
Look back to the saints: imitate and despair :
Born in sin, live in sorrow, and die—as you
were :

Be pensive and moody, and silent, as one
Who has watched the last rays of the down-
climbing sun :

The truth ? 'tis all gotten, in letters of ink :
The Church speaks, so you've no occasion to
think :

The last revelation is given to man,
And the Anglicans only can teach you God's
plan :

Our church holds the truth: Come! let us endow
it :

Then you'll see what a host of good men will
avow it.

Rich rewards will attract sober learning, keen
wit,

When 'tis seen how 'ex schismaticis nihil fit.'

Then to clench them with articles, drawn up like
deeds :

To choke them with long metaphysical creeds !
So that mind may be dwarfed to the ages long
flown,

And thought possess nothing to claim as her
own :

Our Religion is Perfect : your freedom's an evil :
'But 'tis enthusiastic : 'Well, so is the Devil.'

Church and State ! When your statesman is
choosing his bishop,

What temptation for hauling political fish up !
For the Premier must serve ministerial ends,
And prudently fills up the bench with his
friends ;

When Democracy grows and our factions run
high,

Then will Parson with Parson in politics vie ;

Then our Rectors will busily canvas the city,

Souls are lost ! votes are gained ! there is joy in
Committee !

To deaf ears of the dying the question will float,

‘ Christian friend, you are failing ; which way do
you vote ?’

And once more—is it nothing that green-eyed
dissent

Begrudges state monies on Prelacy spent,

And broods o’er the stigma society stamps

On those who can see without national lamps !

Truth needs no establishing : let her go free,

Branching this way and that, like some tall,
forest tree.

No! we catch at a branch, and in hot-house of
bricks

Too tenderly foster a bundle of sticks!

Is Truth then so curt that a flippant attorney
Can fetch you the judgment of God in a journey?
ney?

And is it worth while for such dubious gain,

To affix social stigmas and give moral pain?

Nay, while we in the Church are intent on our
barter,

Time is knocking the chains off the Protestant
Martyr.

Our first step to do right is to cease to do
wrong,

And remember that charity suffereth long;

To establish one sect is to straiten another:

And in which lies the truth? Christian, judge
not thy brother!

Are we never to quit the worn skirts of our
Nurse?

Must we still sip Papistical syrup ? rehearse
Scholastic distinctions with mystified look,
And assert that all truth is contained in one
book ?

Once the Catholic Church to mould all did
aspire,

Doctors subtle, angelic, knight, lady, and squire ;
But Philosophy dozed, the knight went to the
wars,

And the lady confessed, and grew ill without
cause !

'Tis a dull, stagnant pool where no stone is e'er
cast,

That the circles of thought may flow out o'er
the Past.

But what freedom have our churches ? e'en as I
write

The free spirit steals in, like a thief in the night.

Congregational churches are spreading, they say,
For the laity do like to have their own way :

'Tis a pleasure to feel, though the whole
world you pigeon,

That you think for yourself, sir, and own a
Religion.

No fear lest the minister, subtly discerning,
Astound you with threats of eternally burning :
There charity goes for what charity's worth,
And belief gets a little bit pinched in the girth.
Yet the sermon must carry the orthodox ring,
Since they pay for't, and see 'tis the genuine
thing :

To external authority, positive creed,
They pay, within limits, indifferent heed ;
But their Faith,—'tis a toy of their own private
making,

A soft lump of dough, not made rigid in baking,
And they thumb it with tenderly touch—'tis
their own,

'Tis the fruit of much toil from the seed they
have sown :

And, in short, 'tis an inner life, holiness personal;
He goes straight to heaven—the dissenter does
—hearse and all!

But a churchman goes lamely, by external helps,
And must mouth creed and article louder than
Phelps!

He must ever be baring his back to the birch,
And submitting his reason to Catholic Church:
And Catholic Church means the judgment erst
found

By some dozen* old fogies now under the
ground.

No wonder he shivers, turns faithlessly cold,
And strays, like a truant away from the fold.
For the Churchman is fronting now West and
now East,

Annoyed by conceits from an arrogant priest,

* The Reformers under Cranmer.

Bored by 'Ordinance,' 'Rites,' 'Mother Church,'
 'Sacrament,'
By processions on Saints' days and fasting in
 Lent,
While Dissent, praying humbly on low-bended
 knee,
Opes the portals of Heaven **with** Faith for his
 key.
Mediæval Belief, Metaphysical creeds !
'Tis getting too close to the telling of beads !
O ! why do we play with the dreams of the
 dead ;
Controversial skeletons all, logic-bred !
Why not hold out the hand to fair Science, and
 cry,
' Do thou teach us to live, let us teach thee to
 die :
' Where thy task concludes, there our own shall
 begin ;

' Science wean men from Sorrow, Religion from
Sin !'

Smith, well I remember when you were or-
dained,

The Bishop was shocked, and the Chaplains
were pained,

Because you protested, with modest apology,
'Twas presumption for mortals to deal with
Theology.

What an examination for Orders ! all dust !
Dry bones of long perished thoughts ! Heretic
Rust !

With solution of texts that would serve as a
label

To contrariant doctrines from Lambeth to
Babel.

Hypostasis, Prescience, Grace Indefectible,

With dogmas that do not sound quite so respectable,—

These the nuts furnished forth for Diaconal cracking,

For Bishops have long sent Philosophy packing.
Are your Pearson and Paley successfully crammed?

You may cull the elect, put your thumb on the damned!

God's will once 'deciphered by Dean Alford's notes,

Your prevention is clear : order clerical coats!

Rail at Physical Science, material progress,
Revile Art for a wanton, and wealth for an
ogress :

Stand and quote from the sages of years that
are fled,

And confute in an hour modern books you've
not read,

Stifle reason within you ; half Teuton, half Jew,

Now yield to Fate, passive ; now rise and sub-
due!

Then prepare for the last Theological Nemesis,
To swallow results and be drunk on the pre-
mises.

Thus we talked : and a shadow swept by on the
grass,

Stiff and slow, as asserting the pride of its class :
Came up by the window, and in through the
hall,

Brussels lace, white Tulle bonnet, and Honiton
shawl,

Stretched out with disdain three pink fingers of
kid,

And mentally asked how the devil we did.

'Twas the wife of a Rector three miles out of
town,

County-family, she :—only look at her gown !
See with what easy scorn she sits down on your
 chair,
And tosses her superabundance of hair !
Makes some stinging remarks with a curl of the
 lip,
While you wince like a slave writhing under the
 whip ;
Then rises, with after-thought, ‘How’s your poor
 wife ?’
Nor waits for an answer. This clerical life !
No ! mark in our cities a happier phase :
No modish girls there live voluptuous days :
The Parsonage arms ’gainst indulgence as sin,
And Fashion’s not sued, though she sometimes
 peeps in.
Self-denial ! ’tis seen in its holiest guise,
And each day, as it comes, brings its own sacri-
 fice :

God forbid I should slight the least deeds
humbly done

For the pure love of him who is God's only Son.

But when I remember the silken conceit

That rustles in county-towns, arrogant feet

That twinkle in county-balls, pride and disdain

That drive on the turn-pike and ride in the lane,

Exclusive and haughty, and vain and absurd

As ye are, Rectors' women, my anger is stirred !

Who sharpens the edges that sever society,

Makes display out of pew-rents, and rank out of
piety,

Struggles out of her sphere, and pays court to
the great,

Snubs dissenters with look that would say,

'Church and State !'

Makes discord and envy and bitterness rife,

Brings the Rector to ruin : who is't ?—'tis his
wife !

'Tis the last social fallacy—hide it who can—

The apple of discord betwixt man and man.
And woman presents it ! the man, just like
Adam,
Protests and falls into the humour of Madam.
'Tis a clerical failing, long gotten of pride,
'Tis the logical sequence of " All full inside,"
In the middle or dark age, 'twas fullness of
brain
That made the bare-toed little friar so vain :
Now Laics are something more learned than
clerics.
—Though to say so sends archbishops into
hysterics,—
And 'tis fullness of stomach engenders the
hauteur
Of the Church, when there falls some Dissenter
athwart her.
Write up " All full inside ;" not a seat can be
found,

Save for ~~those~~ who sit dumb with both arms and
legs bound :

For ~~the~~ vehicle ~~shakes~~ to the crack of its
doom,

As some hot ~~inside~~ passenger elbows more
room.

The conductor, perched high, gives a sleek, well-
fed stare ;

Let you in ? O dear no ! he is counting the
fare.

And 'tis fullness of body makes countrified
dames

Pride themselves on blue blood and historical
names :

You may know them abroad at some long table
d'hôte,

There the Parson has doffed tie and clerical
coat :

He sits cheery and chatty, eats, drinks, and is
glad,

Sips he not the best wine that for gold can be
had ?

But his ladies—how prim ! with what freezing
disdain

Do they eye your Medoc as they sip their
champagne !

Would you speak to them ? Don't ! They have
nothing to say :

But their devils to think ! let them have their
own way.

‘ Our parsons’ wives are not sufficiently hum-
ble :

‘ They’ve no social *rapport* with all classes,’ we
grumble.

But how to correct the ill beggars all thought :

Advertize ? Nay, your saint’s not so easily
caught.

Trust the right of electing their Priest to the
people ?

True ! joy-bells would peel out from tower and
steeple ;

But your clergy would sink in society's scale,
And their wives would be forced to grow slim
on small ale :

But, believe me ! more earnest, more strong to
succeed

Will they be with the lambs they were bidden
to feed.

Then the gulf which has grown betwixt master
and man,

Parting labour and wealth,—this the Parson will
span,

And bridge over the chasm, so dangerous
grown

That it menaces Church, Constitution, and
Throne.

* * * * *

It was late, when the moon peeping over the
hill,

Laid a silvery touch on our lips : we were
still.

'Twas no jocund red face of the man in the
moon,

But pale as the cheek of a girl in a swoon.

'Twas a cold look she gave us that night, icy-
cold !

And inquisitive worlds blinked their eyes as
they rolled.

And we saw how 'twould be—as a tale that is
told—

For there swam in our eyes the reflexion of
gold !

There floated or rang in our ears hollow cries,

All that interest prompts, all that fear can
devise ;

And the chill glance of friends smote our hearts,
and the scorn

Of the orthodox harsh on the night-breeze was
borne :

And philosophers laughing in clusters, and
sceptics

With twinkling eyes, embryo Bishops, dys-
peptics,

All armed to the teeth, vouched for battle out-
rageous,

Stood talking more vainly than e'er did Pela-
gius.

More vainly ! Thought gives birth to action :
the new

Ousts the old, and the many are freed from the
few.

Fare ye well ! classic memories, dreams of the
Past ;

Rouse ye ! sleepers, for morning is breaking at
last !

And fear not though its breaking be stormy and
loud,

There's a wealth 'of blue heaven 'neath every
cloud :

There is faith in unfaith ; and in mumbling of
creeds

There's a lie, when assent is not followed by
deeds.

Tradition and prescript are good : but in
Hell

The devils have never been known to rebel.

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